



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF  
*Netterville:*  
A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN

## CHAPTER XII.

IMMEDIATELY after he quitted the presence of Miss Walsingham, Captain Latimer went in search of our hero, whom he now considered as a fellow-sufferer; but was excessively mortified to find, on enquiry at his lodgings, that he had already left town with the intention of joining his regiment at the Downs; he soon, however, came to the resolution of following him, as he was in hopes they should, by a mutual confidence, be enabled to dissipate the chagrin which each equally experienced on their recent disappointment; he ordered a post-chaise and four, and flinging himself into it, travelled all night; and before the sun had risen, presented himself at the bed side of Lewisham, who had taken up his night's lodging at Margate, and was astonished at his appearance—"For God's sake, Latimer, where do you come from? and what has caused this sudden and strange whim?"—"The same powerful cause, my friend," said Latimer, archly, "I fancy, which countermanded your leave of absence; for it is nothing less than a positive refusal from Miss Walsingham which has brought me here, with the intention of becoming a volunteer on this expedition."—Lewisham now opened his eyes wide with astonishment, a sensation of pleasure appeared to flutter at his heart, and his countenance suddenly brightened,

which Latimer perceiving, continued as follows;—"I am now come to demand, and give consolation; for, my dear fellow, we are both equally unfortunate, as the lovely Clara told me herself, that her affections were irrevocably engaged."—"O I know it, I know it well," replied Lewisham, "and nothing but the assurance I had received from you, that she favoured your addresses could have so long blinded my eyes." He now recounted to Latimer the scene he had witnessed the morning of his departure in Cavendish-square, and the conversation he had overheard between Clara and Mr. Mathuen."—"Ah!" exclaimed Latimer, "many circumstances convince me you are right in your conjectures; come, my dear boy, rise, I have many things to hear, much to communicate, we will no longer have any secrets from each other."

Lewisham obeyed him with alacrity, although he had not closed his eyes the whole night, and they soon strolled out to enjoy their conversation at leisure by the water-side. The morning was stormy, and showers of rain fell at intervals, but they were too much occupied with their subject to attend to outward circumstances, until their recollection was awakened, by the strange appearance of two ladies who walked to and fro, and passed them several times without noticing their presence, so deeply did they seem to be engaged in conversation; the youngest of them was uncommonly beautiful, and could scarcely be more than sixteen years of age; their dress was genteel; and, by the gestures of the elder lady, they seemed to be debating some very momentous topic; for she several times stopped and laid her hand forcibly on the arm of her young companion; politeness

forbade curiosity on the part of the gentlemen, and they retired to the other end of the walk; as the ladies again came near them, the youngest eyed them with a look of earnest enquiry—"She is devilishly handsome," cried Latimer—"She is, indeed," replied Lewisham, "she appears also very young."—"Yes," said Latimer, "and young as beautiful, and soft as young, and gay as soft, and innocent as gay, and happy (if aught happy here) as good."—"I fear you are not yet cured, my friend," said Lewisham, smiling, "of your propensity to fall in love; so, lest you should suffer by your temerity, we had better return home."—"I will have one more look, however," said Latimer, "and now I am ready to attend you, my grave Mentor."—Just as they reached an angle which shut them out from a view of the beach, a violent scream awakened their attention; and on returning to the walk, the ladies had intirely disappeared; they hastened to the side of the water, and there beheld them both struggling in vain with the tide; not an instant was now to be lost, and both gentlemen plunged into the water; Latimer being an excellent swimmer, soon returned with the youngest lady, but the surge had driven the body of the eldest quite out of the reach of our hero, who with great difficulty stemmed the torrent, and gained the shore in safety. By this time a number of people had collected round the beach, and from one of these they discovered the habitation of the rescued fair, and contrived to convey her to it; the rest of the spectators being wholly intent on the charitable efforts of some fishermen, who were putting off in a boat to attempt the preservation of the other lady. Miss Darlington (for so the young lady was called) was

soon restored to her senses, but her strength was too much exhausted to permit her to speak, and the gentlemen now left her to the care of her landlady, who appeared to be a good motherly kind of woman, promising to call again on the following day—from thence they proceeded to their hotel to procure a change of raiment. This adventure afforded them much subject for conversation, as they were not a little interested by the youth, and apparent innocence of the fair stranger. As soon as they had taken some refreshment, they returned again to the beach, where they learnt to their inexpressible regret the ill success of the mariners, who now informed them there was not even a probability of the body's being on shore until the return of the tide, and perhaps not until after the next full moon. Having recommended the men again, and again, to be diligent in their search, and promising to reward their exertions, our friends returned home.

Miss Darlington no sooner recovered her recollection, than she burst into a violent flood of tears: "O my dear Mrs. Collins," cried she, to the person with whom she lived, "tell me, have they yet saved my mother?"—"My dear child," said the old lady, taking her hand, "you must submit yourself to the will of Providence, for you will never, I fear, see her again."—"O God!" exclaimed she, "she is drowned—I feel, I know she is drowned—let me" and she attempted to rise, "behold her even in death—I will see her once more."—"You will never see her again, my child, for the body could not be saved, and it may not be washed on shore for months, perhaps it will be then cast on the opposite side."—"O my mother," exclaimed she, "it was that cruel, that barbarous, that villainous letter which made you miserable, which unhinged your faculties—O, I shall never see you more, my dear, my kind, my good mother, I shall never see you again?"—She now wrung her hands, and burst into a fresh agony of passion, until at length her strength was exhausted, and she again sunk into a state of insensibility; she now fell from one fit to another, and Mrs. Collins was obliged to procure a physician, who having ordered her a composing draught, and recommended her to be kept extremely quiet, left her to the care of her benevolent hostess.

For several days Miss Darlington continued too ill to receive visitors, in con-

sequence of which the two gentlemen were constantly refused admittance, but her health gradually mending, Mrs. Collins represented to her the necessity of thanking the gentlemen for their attention; and after much persuasion she consented to see them, the next time they should call. The following day they were accordingly shown up stairs, into a small but neat dining-room; Miss Darlington was seated on a sofa, from which she rose at their entrance, blushed—made a low curtesy, seated herself, rose again, and at once losing her self-command, burst into an agony of sorrow—"O, why did you preserve me," cried she, "why was I not permitted to perish with my dear, kind mother?—O, I shall never see you more, you will never more press your Blanche to your maternal bosom! O, my kind, my good, my excellent mother!" Lewisham attempted to console her, Latimer walked to the window, he was visibly affected—"I am very ungrateful," continued she, addressing herself to Lewisham, "I ought to thank you for your goodness to me—I ought to bless you for my preservation, but God will bless you for me, I am unable;—O, I had one friend who would have thanked you; but language is too weak to describe her—she is gone for ever!"

"It was not I who preserved you," said Lewisham, "it was that gentleman,"—"You were too good," cried she, walking up to Captain Latimer, and looking earnestly in his face; "I thank you; God will bless you for it—O, how my mother would have thanked you, had she been alive!"—"You must strive to forget her, my dear Miss Darlington," said Latimer, in a compassionate tone, "for violets cropp'd, the sweetest showers can ne'er make grow again."—"That is indeed true," said she; "but I can never forget her: every thing I see reminds me of her.—Yes, it was that fatal morning"—stopping as if to recollect herself—"that I first beheld you—O, you know not my feelings—my heart is oppressed—my mind is too much appalled to feel the greatness of its loss—my head appears stupid—but I thank you from my heart; it is not an ungrateful one."—"Miss Darlington," said Latimer, wishing to divert the present channel of her thoughts, "excuse my freedom, and believe me, I am truly interested for your welfare; have you no relative whose presence, at this crisis, would be useful and pleasant to you?"—"I have but one relative that I know of in the world," return-

ed she; "him, I hope, God will preserve me from; I have no one friend, except poor Mrs. Collins, and she is unable to befriend me—what I am to do with myself, which way I am to turn, God in heaven only knows."—"I am able and willing to prove your friend," replied Latimer; "I will ever be a most disinterested one; on the word of a man of honour, and a gentleman, I am not actuated by any selfish or weak curiosity, when I request you will, if you have no particular reason to the contrary, reveal to us the circumstances, of your most distressing situation; (my friend is a man of integrity and feeling) we will, if possible, endeavour to render it more pleasant; but, without your permission, the secret shall never be divulged."—"You are both very good," said she; then casting her fine eyes on the face of Latimer, with a glance of suspicion, she exclaimed—"Do not deceive me; I rely on your word—your honour; I see you pity me; and I will, if possible, one day, reveal to you my sad story—but not now; I cannot to-day—I cannot recollect it; my head is confused—my heart is sick—do not think meanly of me, because I have no friends, for I am not wicked—I am unfortunate, not criminal!"

The gentlemen soon after departed, having requested her to keep up her spirits, and take care of her health. They were now more than ever interested in her favour. Her person was light and airy, her figure graceful, her complexion fair, her eyes dark, and her mouth and teeth remarkably beautiful; there was also something very attractive in the innocence and simplicity of her manner, and her voice had that melody of expression, which in general attaches to the natives of Italy; at times, also, her words appeared tinged with many of those singularities of expression so peculiar to the inhabitants of other countries when conversing in the English language; and the gentlemen could not help imagining that she was a foreigner.

They had scarcely walked a hundred yards from the house, ere they were overtaken by a fisherman, who came to inform them that a body had been washed on shore, which appeared to answer the description given of Mrs. Darlington. It was near a mile from the town, and they walked with the man to the spot: there was no difficulty in ascertaining the identity of the body, as though the features were much defaced and mangled, they both remembered her dress; having par-



ticularly noticed her from the singular circumstance of her walking at so early an hour in the morning. They agreed to keep this circumstance from the knowledge of Blanche, for the present; and having seen the body deposited in a place of safety, until the arrival of the Coroner, they returned to Margate, to give the necessary orders respecting the funeral, the expenses of which Latimer insisted on defraying wholly. No suspicions having been awakened—except in the minds of our friends, the verdict was “Accidental Death,” and the following day the body was interred in — church, a few miles distant from Margate, and the nearest church to the spot where it was cast on shore. Lewisham and Latimer attended as mourners.—For two days they had purposely refrained from calling at Mrs. Collins’s, contenting themselves with sending a card of enquiry; but all fear of Miss Darlington’s seeing the corpse of her mother being now over, they determined themselves to break the intelligence to her; and went out immediately after breakfast for this purpose; but Lewisham had scarcely gone twenty paces, ere he was accosted by a brother officer, and he requested his friend to excuse his attendance that morning, and to proceed alone.

From this day Latimer visited Miss Darlington constantly, and spent many hours in her society; in short, our hero began to think, that the affection he had felt for Clara Walsingham, was transferred to Blanche Darlington—and this was really the case:—Latimer loved her with ardour and enthusiasm; he fancied he was beloved again;—yet he could not resolve to marry her; he knew not, as yet, even who she was, and dreaded all explanation on that subject; lest it should not turn out to his satisfaction. Sometimes he almost determined to propose to her a settlement as his mistress;—then his own promise, voluntarily given, ever to prove her most sincere and disinterested friend, rose in his mind, and he would resolve to see her no more. As yet, he had never revealed his passion to her; and her simplicity interpreted all his attentions to benevolent motives; and she would often cover him with confusion, while she artlessly expressed her gratitude.—How different were the sentiments and feelings of Lewisham: every hour, as it stole over his head, augmented his regard for Clara—every incident which has come within his knowledge, confirmed his opinion of her

goodness of heart and sweetness of temper; and he could not cease to regret that he had lost every hope of obtaining her favour. He beheld the attractions of Blanche with eyes of admiration—with just that kind of admiration which a painter would bestow on a beautiful picture—indeed, there was little or no comparison between the two ladies:—the one had been polished by education; the other was the simple uniformed child of Nature; little improved by art; open, ingenuous, and unsuspecting. “Happy, happy Mathuen!” cried he, “thou wilt possess virtue, beauty, goodness—may your days be crowned with felicity and the purest delight!—O Clara, Clara—why did I ever know you?”

When our hero next called at Mrs. Collins’s, Miss Darlington put into his hand a small manuscript, desiring him to peruse it at his leisure, and to give her his advice how to conduct herself in future. “It was a hard task,” cried she, “that I had assigned myself; alas! I feared I should never have completed it; I feared also that I should lose your esteem; but I know you better; I feel that you will acknowledge my claim on your sympathy, and I cease to fear the loss of your regard.”—“You cannot lose my esteem,” said Lewisham, “for I am certain you will never deserve to lose it; and as for my compassion, I hope you will not long stand in need of it.—When did you see my friend?”—“Oh, he was here just now,” said she, “but he is not at all like you; he is so impetuous, so passionate, so odd, and then he looks at me in such a strange manner, that I know not how it is, but he makes my blood all mount up into my face, and then I am just ready to die; I am sure I have every reason to like him; and I do not like him, but I am afraid of him and I dare not talk to him with the freedom I use towards you. He often quarrels with me for concealing my sentiments from him; when it is he himself who causes my distance.”—“Blanche,” said Lewisham, approaching her, and taking her hand, “do you consider me your friend?”—“Heaven knows I do!” cried she;—“my most sincere and valuable friend!”—“And will you promise to follow my advice, in one respect?”—“Yes, that I will,” returned she; “for I am sure you will never advise me to do wrong.” “Well, then,” said Lewisham, “I conjure you to stand upon your guard, and not in the smallest instance try to overcome that sweet diffidence which ren-

ders you timid, and suspicious of Latimer. If he complains of your reserve, tell him that I requested you to conduct yourself in that manner towards him.”—“And will he not be angry with you? However, I will do as you desire me.”—“I have one question more to ask, dear, ingenuous Miss Darlington, yet I fear you will think me impertinent; it is, believe me, the interest which I take in your happiness which makes me so.”—“O, I shall never think you impertinent,” said Blanche, “after the obligations I owe you—tell me what it is you want to know, and I will answer you without reserve?”—“What, then, is your opinion of my friend?” Blanche coloured, hesitated, cast her eyes on the ground—“I think, I think him very amiable—I would die to render him happy—I wish to return my obligations to him, but that is impossible.—I feel,” continued she, laying her hand on her heart, “a regret in his absence; when he is present I am too much fluttered to speak, and I should die with confusion were he to enter into such a conversation with me as you have; yet I can tell *you* without reserve, I feel the same gratitude towards you; that I would do any thing to render you happy; and I am conscious that you would never take any improper advantage of my confession; I feel, and know that you are my friend—I am afraid of Captain Latimer.”

Lewisham quitted Miss Darlington in no little anxiety of mind, as he feared Latimer pursued her with dishonourable intention—her simplicity of heart had he doubted not, long since revealed to that gentleman her sentiments concerning him; and his only hope was, that they might not come to an explanation until he could adopt some method of placing Blanche beyond his reach; at one moment he determined to write to Miss Nugent; then he considered the length of time which might elapse, ere that lady arrived in London; and that, probably, before that period, he should himself have quitted England, and left the unprotected Blanche to all the dangers and blandishments of a beloved object, with little to protect her, except the natural purity and innocence of her own heart, and the simple and unadulterated feelings of nature, which, far from standing on the defensive, might, in the present instance, be by Latimer successfully turned against herself.



*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### COMMUNICATION.

MR. SCOTT,

NOTHING can give more pleasure to the philanthropic mind, than the prosperity and happiness of mankind; while to see them degenerate and become unhappy, gives the greatest pain. In our researches after happiness, we generally endeavour to gain it by some method untried by us before; nothing can be more true than the proverb that 'the human mind is never at rest.' This is plainly exemplified by those who are daily emigrating from this to the back countries. The prospect of making their fortune more rapidly, is perhaps, the chief inducement to emigration. Young men, however, ought to attend to the consequences of such conduct. They should consider that they leave behind them the most valuable part of their species to languish in discontent. They should consider, that where the society of the females is not cultivated, savage ferocity will prevail; and that, where they receive due attention and respect, civilization increases and society becomes happy. How painful it is to find, through this country, women who possess every qualification suitable to render the marriage state happy, spending the flower of their age in melancholy and disconsolate celibacy. Having, as far as my limited capacity would extend, considered the subject, I was convinced that the frequent emigrations of the young men must be one of the operating causes of this public calamity. It is now, and has long been the practice of men, in the full bloom of youth, to divest themselves of every tender feeling, and, actuated by no motives but those of self-interest, to leave their native country and friends and to emigrate into a country wild and savage and inhabited chiefly by them whose conduct is directed by selfish principles. Avarice being their chief incentive, they soon become addicted to it, and in proportion as the desire of gain increases, friendship, the love of social life, and all the finer feelings of the soul decay. The bloom of youth soon vanishes, and withering old age takes its place—the body enervated by intemperance, and the mind enslaved to vice—the human frame exhibits a disgusting appearance—and at length sinks to the grave, a spectacle of horror! But it may be asked, is this generally the case with those who emigrate

to the back countries? It would be unjust to answer in the affirmative; there are many worthy persons whose chief intention in emigrating, is the future welfare of their progeny. But the number of those who spend their lives in celibacy, intemperance and debauchery, is very great, and daily increasing. It is therefore to be dreaded, that if this licentious, unscriptural and unnatural mode of life, be not suppressed, or brought into disrepute, the consequences will be dangerous. Perhaps the efficient and governing cause of this distemper is avarice, a disease, the cure of which, notwithstanding the fine-spun theories of the physicians, is, I very much fear, entirely out of their power.

The Spartan laws are said to have prohibited celibacy after a certain age; such laws, however, would not suit the genius of Americans, but if those lands which are offered, inclusively to all settlers, were given to those only who are married, population would increase much more rapidly, morality and civilization would gain ground, and the back woods would soon be cultivated by virtuous inhabitants.

But what shall be said concerning those who, in our own district, and even in our own capital, have attempted to destroy, the institution of marriage, and to establish their own licentious opinions in its stead. Those persons, if there be any who cherish such sentiments, can be considered in no other light than the enemies of society. What character can be more despicable than that of the miser? what more detestable than the licentious and profligate libertine? But when these two characters combine in the same person, and the filth of age being added, what epithet can be strong enough to express our abhorrence of the character? yet this may be applied with propriety to the greatest part of those who have arrived at old age in celibacy. On the other hand, he, who from motives joins himself in the connubial state, is not only made capable of enjoying more happiness but also of increasing his happiness to an unlimited extent, by conferring it upon the partner of his affection. Such is the difference between matrimony and celibacy; the one, the source of happiness, prosperity and the continuation of the species; the other, productive of misery and the destruction of the human race.

OBSERVER.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### SOCIABILITY.

SOCIAL intercourse is so congenial with the nature of man, and so essential to his comfort and satisfaction, that it seems almost a matter of wonder, any should be so selfish as to neglect it, and habituate themselves to an unsociable disposition. Fellow creatures ought to be treated as such: for we are all liable to the troubles and misfortunes attendant on this transitory state. If we attentively examine our situation, we may easily discover, we were not born for ourselves only, but, to be mutually helpful to our brethren and sisters in this great family of the world. Let us view the progressive stages of our existence:—Reflect on that portion of it, when our lives wholly depended on the care of others; and, on that more advanced, when coming on towards the stage of action,—how greatly we were indebted to others for instruction, without which we might have remained in ignorance; and consequently, have been subject to irretrievable misfortunes by reason of the erroneous ideas of inexperience and lack of knowledge. And further, when come to the fulness of stature, when the rational powers had attained full vigour and strength, what gloom would our minds frequently have been overwhelmed in, had they not been diverted by conversation with our friends. Thus we may behold wherein we have been benefited by society: and if we feel a sense of obligation and gratitude to our benefactors, we shall be induced to pursue the same benevolent courses; and as opportunity presents, confer on others a portion of those good things we have received. Herein we shall experience a true satisfaction of heart, far exceeding that which results from a habit of reserve and indifference towards those about us.—Every person, says a celebrated writer, is entitled to our attention; for we were born to be citizens of the world: and do we not often feel ourselves uncomfortable when we are not in the exchange of little civilities with people about us? Conversation that is even insignificant has a tendency to relieve our intense thoughtfulness, and prevents the mind from preying too much on itself. Mixing with company certainly has the good effect of preventing many little shynesses and misconstructions, and thus, contributes to



harmony and union, without which our lives would be unhappy in the extreme.

It was, no doubt, the design of the Creator, that mankind should associate as brethren; consequently, such association must be best, and most conducive to our happiness. **EQUITUS.**

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### REMARKS

ON A RECENT PERFORMANCE AT THE OLD THEATRE.

O there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—(not to speak it profanely) that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of a Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

*Shakespeare's Ham.*

A COMPANY of young men, on Saturday evening last, favoured the public, with an attempt to perform the celebrated tragedy Mahomet: we were much surprised that they had selected such a play, and are assured, that nothing but an high conceit of their own ranting could have induced them to appear in characters, which 'call forth all the powers' of the oldest practitioners. It is hoped that the following brief remarks on the several personages, will be of utility to them; as it is dictated by pure friendship, and teach them to appear in less difficult performances, before they aspire to the summit of the drama.

Alcanor's voice was extremely blustering, and affectedly thick; his pronunciation sometimes erroneous; his motions clumsy and quick; strides across the stage rapid and heavy; and he indicated more the fire of youth, than the feebleness of age.

Pharon had a more correct judgment of his character; his voice was rather tremulous; motions graceful, but too frequent.

Palmira was only audible in the stage boxes, not one spark of animation was visible during her whole performance. "Act not this bloody deed; O save him, save him!" was delivered with as much languor, as Alcanor's prayer.

Mirvan may, without much difficulty, rival Nick Bottom in Shaks. Midsum. Night's Dream.

Mahomet's dress resembled a Roman's more than a Turk's; his movements were disgusting, his speaking like

the croaking of a frog, and he appeared to petition, not to command.

Zaphna deserves much praise for his gestures, which were appropriate throughout; but his expression was ridiculous. "Now let me strike," was spoken like a timid school boy asking his master to explain a question.—The killing scene was altogether comical, and excited more laughter than the best of farces.

A.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### THE SCRIBLER.—No. XVIII.

The misfortunes which afflict men are greater in imagination than reality. **BRISOT.**

AMIDST all the horrors of a prison, during the most bloody period of the French revolution, Brissot, while beholding every most grievous species of human misery, had so reduced his passions under the dominion of philosophy as to be able to contemplate misfortune with complacency and composure. Expecting every moment to be led to execution, he viewed death in the manner it rightly should be viewed; with calmness as the final end of misery. For

The human race are sons of sorrow born,  
And each must have his portion.—**MALLET.**

Among some loose pieces, found after his death, was a paper containing, with other detached thoughts, the one at the head of this number. Certain of death, he had time while in confinement to collect his thoughts and settle into a calm every tumultuous passion. This being the case, he could reason uncontrolled by prejudice and unbiassed by any motives of interest. All things had then become alike of no consequence to him, as he was about to leave them. The conclusion of the matter was, that the real evils that men endured are by no means equal to their imaginary troubles. In this opinion the learned philosopher and reflecting man of every age will agree with him.

Miserus began the world, gifted with good natural abilities, but with nothing else to depend on. Conscious of this and having an inherent love for money, he in a few years by the greatest industry and parsimony became possessed of a sum which enabled him to extend his business, and at length to amass a considerable fortune. Then it was the unhappy traits of his character began to show themselves in their full force. While anxiously engag-

ed in business, he had no time to indulge those evil passions, which now he had relaxed his exertions, utterly destroyed his peace in life. He had already shown, that to obtain money he would descend to many mean and at times scarcely honest actions. The violation of truth and honour in its pursuit he considered of little consequence, he dared not stoop to what the world would call villainous, but by every other means, though not much better in themselves, yet not so open or glaring as to bring upon him the punishment of the law. He bore in the world the character of a mean, avaricious man and one who would take all advantages of the necessities of others. In his house that meanness of disposition was equally conspicuous, which rendered the situation of his family extremely disagreeable. As his sons grew up, he placed them in genteel mercantile situations; this cost him nothing. But he did not provide them with the means of supporting that respectability of character which appearance in a great measure gives a young man among his associates. The consequence was, they lived secluded from intimacy and familiarity with those whose prospects in life were not better than their own, and who, in point of merit, were not superior. His daughter, anxious to escape from the controul of a father with whom she could enjoy so little comfort, while yet quite young, on a very short acquaintance married a man, who, knowing her father was rich, hoped to be at some time or other benefited by his fortune. But she only exchanged one evil for another. Such was the unhappiness that Miserus created around him; but his own discontent far exceeded that of those connected with him. After he had amassed a large fortune, when others would have attempted to enjoy it, he was conjuring up evils to destroy his health of body, and peace of mind. The greatest misfortune which could happen to him, and what was a continual source of disquiet, was the fear of his losing any of his darling money. Did a person stand indebted to him, his greatest fear was, that he should never be repaid, and the many mean ways he took to secure it generally affronted those who owed him, and also the many doubts he seemed to entertain of their integrity: Always open to suspicion, he doubted the purity of the intentions of those whose misfortune it was to be any way concerned with him. The fear of death was another evil which he much dreaded, and which served in

great measure to embitter his moments. To him who was so fond of life, without deriving any pleasure from existence, may well be applied those lines of Cowper, speaking of man's fondness of life.

Strange passion of the human heart,  
Enamoured of its harm,  
Strange world, which cost it so much smart  
And yet has power to charm.

But without further particularising, whatever ideal affliction or unreal misery, which could destroy the peace of man, destroyed every comfort in his breast.

Such reader was the character of Miscrus; it is drawn from life; it is not distorted or enlarged. It may be said that his early bad conduct in the acquirement of wealth prevented him from afterwards deriving any enjoyment from it. This might have been one reason, but he appeared made to be full of troubles, and those ideal. An accident at length happened to him which those who knew his unhappy temper thought would be the final consummation of his misery. It was thought, that though men of cheerful habits, might have borne it with some degree of philosophy, he who was already so burthened with woe and who made the most of every thing, would have sunk under it: He had been out riding, when his horse took fright, overturned his chair and entangling his legs in the wheels broke and shattered them in such a manner, that one was taken off by his physicians, the other rendered nearly useless. He lay for a great length of time in a most deplorable state, without any hope of recovery, but at length an excellent constitution and a determination to live, effected a cure. Several persons who knew him, conversing on his situation, concluded that his helpless situation must tend greatly to increase his unhappiness. But one who knew his nature best, was of a different opinion, "His cup of misery," says he, "has always been full, it can hold no more this accident therefore cannot add to it!"—The event proved it true, he remained the same man though he had now changed his ideal evils for real ones, but in making the exchange he received no augmentation of unhappiness!

P.

#### REAL TRAGEDY.

Liverpool, June 24.

THE Tragey of *The Revenge* was performed here last night. The house was but thinly attended. The character of Alonzo was sustained by Mr. Barrymore, and of Zanga, by Mr. Cooper;

Mrs. Aikin performed Leonora. In the last scene of the play, where Alonzo stabs himself with the dagger, which he had previously wrested from Zanga, poor Barrymore realised the scene. It was a real African dagger, belonging to Mr. Cooper, and the same which he always uses in acting Zanga. Mr. Barrymore not aware of this, struck himself violently with this dreadful weapon, and instantly fell upon the stage. As he lay upon the stage, he called softly for help, saying—"I am wounded; it is a real dagger." For a few seconds the performers stood motionless from terror. At length some cried out, "drop the curtain," and an alarm was excited. Some ran from the house, others flew to the stage to gratify their curiosity. Among these were two Medical Gentlemen, who gave their assistance. Upon examination, they found that the dagger took a slanting direction across the lower ribs, which it passed over and lodged in his belly, in which it inflicted a wound of about an inch. He lost a great deal of blood; it flowed over the stage. The wound was dressed upon the stage, after which he was carried home, faint with the loss of blood. No feverish symptoms have, however, manifested themselves, and his life is not considered in danger.

#### SPIRIT TEMPERED WITH DISCRETION.

THE late general Oglethorpe, when only fifteen years of age, exhibited an uncommon instance of presence of mind, in a circumstance which, to a military man, was extremely delicate. He was at that time a volunteer in the army of Prince Eugene, and happened to be at table with the Prince of Wirtemburgh, who, on the young soldier saying something he did not like, took a glass of wine and flirited it in his face. To have challenged the prince might have fixed on Oglethorpe the character of a quarrelsome man: to have taken no notice of it, would have been considered as cowardice, and subjected him to future insults. Oglethorpe, therefore fixing his eye upon the prince, and smiling at the same time, as if he took what his highness had done as a jest, said,—"Prince, that is a good joke, but we do it much better in England," and immediately threw a whole glass of wine in his face. An old general who sat by, said to the prince, 'twas well done, your highness began it. And thus a circumstance which might have been attended with fatal con-

sequences, became by this happy union of discretion and spirit, the source of pleasantry and good humour.

#### THE CONSCIENTIOUS ROBBER; AN EASTERN TALE.

THE oriental nations have so sacred a regard to the laws of hospitality, that they seldom injure those with whom they have eaten. *Leits Saffar*, (which means the leather merchant), when a youth, discovered so strong an attachment to arms, that not being able to obtain any rank in the army, he commenced robber, but had always the moderation to leave somewhat behind him for the use of those he plundered. He one night broke into the treasury of Dirhan, governor of Sislan, and in the dark put his hand upon a heap of shining particles, which he thought to be precious stones; and to carry them with convenience, put them in his mouth. He soon found that he had taken salt, and immediately retired, without touching any thing else. The governor finding the next day that his treasury had been broken open but nothing stolen, published an edict declaring pardon to the robber, and adding, that if he avowed himself, the governor would serve him. On this declaration, *Leits*, discovered himself, and on the governor asking him why he had not taken any thing from the treasury, replied,—"I thought, that when I had tasted your salt, I immediately became your friend, and by the laws of friendship, I was forbidden to touch any thing that belonged to you."

#### FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

AS the bodies of women are of a softer and more delicate texture than those of men, so their minds are generally more firmly attuned to impressions of compassion and feelings of humanity; and whilst they are tremblingly alive to the woes of others, they are frequently incapable of sustaining their own. This refinement of feeling, and excess of softness, constitutes at once their attraction and their misery; and whilst they interest mankind in the peculiarity of their misfortunes, by an exertion of their reason they probably might have averted them.

That softness may be combined with fortitude, and tenderness with resolution, female historians have most amply proved; but among the numberless instances which have been handed down to posterity, none more conspicuously



evinces the validity of the assertion than the anecdotes which have been related of the amiable Octavia. There never was a princess (says Seneca) so completely deserving of uninterrupted happiness. Yet there never was one destined to endure such an absolute succession of misery:—her misfortunes commenced with her birth, and terminated only with her existence. Yet, instead of sinking under the weight of her afflictions, she endeavored to rise above them; and those calamities she could not avert, she sustained with fortitude, and supported with resignation! By the artful intrigues of Agrippina, she was compelled to relinquish her engagement with the man she adored, and to receive the addresses of the being she despised; yet, in that trying situation, her conduct was such as inspired veneration, and insured esteem. The repeated proofs of her husband's infidelity, and the various instances of his insolence and neglect, neither piqued her pride, nor called forth her resentment; and when his conduct became so notoriously abandoned, that the Senate were resolved to espouse her cause, she mildly declined their interference, and patiently submitted to every species of degradation which her insulting tyrant could heap upon her. The charms of her person could only be equalled by the solidity of her understanding, which was refined by misfortune, and improved by education; and her conversation was allowed to be a mixture of sense, delicacy, and elegance?—These exalted perfections made no impression upon the inhuman heart of the abandoned Nero; who, considering the amiable Octavia as the only barrier to his desire of raising a favorite mistress to the imperial throne, basely resolved on her destruction.

This cruel fiat she received with calmness, and instead of execrating the wretch who had occasioned her such a succession of unheard of misery, she desired he might be informed that she was ready to resign her dignities; but requested permission to preserve her life. And upon being told it was the Emperor's order she should die, she submitted with fortitude to her destiny, giving at once an instance of courage, and a proof of innocence.

A man has been apprehended in England, charged with having married five wives, without waiting for the decease of either. He is mentioned as being remarkably homely.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

SOMETIME in last week I was informed of the intention of the theatrical association to represent the tragedy of *Mahomet*. From the opinion I then had of their experience and abilities in the "theatrical way," I anticipated a complete butchery of the piece.—Curiosity, however, prompted me to be present at the performance, and I was both surprised and delighted with the masterly manner in which several of the characters were executed.

The parts *Mahomet* and *Mirvan* were done in a very pleasing manner; that boldness of conception, energy, vivacity and nice discrimination necessary to pourtray the fierce and boisterous parts of tragedy, were strongly represented, and fixed the attention of an admiring audience.

With regard however to the attitudes, I think the player of *Mahomet* "overstepped the modesty of nature."

Zaphna was performed with great ability; when urged by *Mahomet* to murder Alcanor, the conflict of the feelings between superstition and humanity were depicted in a very natural and affecting manner.—The voice of this performer is very defective.

The person that played *Alcanor* received a due portion of applause, but if he had borne in mind the following extract from an advice to players he would probably have equalled any of his competitors.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you; trippingly on the tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier had spoke my lines."

The characters in the interlude (*Sylvester Daggerwood*) particularly *Fustian*; were well supported.

It is hoped that this institution, "whose end is—"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to shew virtue her own feature; scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure," will not be suffered to fall into oblivion. In the event of its continuance, I have no doubt that we might safely dispense with the importations of theatrical gentlemen which so frequently occur. Whatever may be the fate of this association, I would earnestly recommend the encouragement of home manufacture to every friend to the American stage.

HENRY.

AN AFFIDAVIT.

A Westminster justice taking coach in the city, and being set down at the Salopian coffee-house, Charing cross, the driver demanded eighteen-pence as his fare. The justice asked him, "If he would swear that the ground came to the money?" The man said, "he would take his oath of it." The justice replied, "Friend I am a magistrate; and pulling the book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and then gave the fellow six-pence, saying, *he must reserve the shilling to himself for the affidavit.*"

Philadela, Sept. 1, 1804.

Mrs. Elizabeth West, wife of that distinguished personage of this state, Benj. West, esq. has forwarded from London by the brig Union, and presented to the Library Company of this city, as "an offering of her affectionate attachment to her native city," a portrait of the late Dr. Preston, painted by Mr. West. This portrait, will be placed in the apartment of the library assigned for the books, &c. bequeathed to that institution by the Rev. Dr. Preston, which arrived in the same vessel, and form a most valuable collection.

In the year 1800—2760 books were advertised by the booksellers, in their catalogue for the Easter Fair at Leipsic in Germany, as the produce of the preceding year—and at the Michaelmas fair 289 booksellers brought forward 150 more new articles.

MARRIED—On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. John Riley, of Norfolk (Virg.) to Miss Ann Hill Philips, of this city.

—On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Joseph Sinket, to Miss Sarah Downing, both of Germantown.

—At Nazareth (Penns.) on Friday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Van Vleck, Mr. Joseph Jordan, of this city, to Miss Eliza Henry, daughter of the hon. Wm. Henry.

—On Monday last, by the rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. David Lewellen, to Miss Priscilla Rosetta, both of Chester.



DIED—On Sunday morning last, Mr. Joseph Anthony, jun. of this city.

It is with deep regret that the Editor announces the death of the Rev. Dr. J. B. LINN, Pastor of the first Presbyterian Church in this city, who expired on Thursday evening last, in consequence of the bursting of a blood vessel.

Subscribers will please to take notice, that the ninth payment of 25 cents will be collected by the carriers on Saturday next.

## Temple of the Muses.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

MR. SCOTT,

I send you the following extract, the beautiful simplicity of which cannot fail to please some of your readers, especially as it glows with the language of nature under accumulated misfortunes, and hope you will give it a place in your useful paper.

LÆRTES.

### THE BEGGAR.

"AH! curse me not—no crumb of bread

Has past these lips since yesternorn,  
No shelter for this aching head  
Have I, abandon'd and forlorn.

"Dark is the night, and cold the blast,  
With mis'ry am I doom'd to roam;  
All hopeless on the wide world cast,  
Without one friend; without a home.

"Yet, though by every ill oppress;  
Though pining want assail my life,  
A home I had; I once was blest;  
A mother lov'd; a happy wife.

"Think not, dear sir, it is my aim  
A cunning, studdied lie to raise,  
Like beggars bold who daily claim  
The mite which passing pity pays.

"My husband kept a little shop;  
And well his honesty was known;  
Of credit this the surest prop,  
His name would pass thro' all the town.

"No comforts to his wife deny'd,  
A tender husband could afford;  
Each prudent wish was gratify'd,  
Peace smil'd, and plenty deck'd the board.

"Why could not this good fortune last!  
Sure heaven intended me for woe;  
Did I, unthinking, live too fast  
For one so humble plac'd? Ah, no

"Indeed, dear sir, I'm not to blame;  
The man who long had been my pride,  
Grew idle, gam'd, and lost to shame,  
The victim of intemperance died.

"Our few remaining goods were kept  
For house-rent, due a year and more;  
We were turn'd out. Ah! how I wept  
As slow I turn'd me from the door.

"Though now of husband, home, bereft,  
Yet, I could make a living sure;  
This comfort to my heart was left,  
I still might work, however poor.

"Buoy'd up by hope, a little hut  
I took at twenty pounds a year:  
My daughter to a school I put;  
'Twas not far off, nor was it dear.

"The sweet child was just turn'd of ten—  
From her alone my pleasures rose;  
And she was useful too; for when  
I wash'd, she carry'd home the clothes.

"Her beauty ripen'd with her years—  
A lovelier girl was never seen—  
And now, an anxious parent's fears  
Increas'd with blooming, fresh fifteen.

"Those fears, alas! were too, too just,  
From a fond mother's bosom torn,  
She's now to vice and scorn reduc'd,  
Would she had died, or ne'er been born!

"A villain to seduction train'd,  
With speech so soft, and mien so mild,  
By flattery and by love well feign'd,  
Ruin'd my unsuspecting child.

"With me no longer would she rest,  
I strove my spirits to sustain;  
I labour'd on, and did my best  
A slender livelihood to gain.

"Two months past, with her paramour  
I saw her in a gig quite nigh;  
Though finely dress'd, she charm'd no more,  
Wan was her cheek, and sunk her eye.

"I hurried home; the blow so rude  
I fainted, and all thought me dead;  
A burning fever thence ensu'd,  
Which six weeks kept me to my bed.

"Confin'd, by illness so severe  
And long—my little money went:  
Doctors and nurses both were dear;  
And I was in arrears for rent.

"When of the fever I was quit,  
I sold some clothes to buy me meat;  
Dejected, weak, for work unfit,  
I begg'd my landlord but to wait.

"He would not. Yesterday he came;  
With cruel taunts he bade me, 'walk—'  
Myself I wept, but more the shame,  
An only child—how wild I talk.—

"I had one boy, and dear was he,  
But, by a roving passion led;  
He left us all and went to sea,  
He's gone so long he must be dead.

"A sailor, by yon lamp's faint gleam  
I see you are; alas! like you  
In garb and manner did he seem,  
When fond he breath'd his last adieu!

"With all a hapless mother's grief,  
Seven tedious years the lad I mourn;  
My darling cannot bring relief—  
No; never will my George return!"

"Your George!" the stranger fault'ring cry'd  
"My name is George"—"George what"—  
"George Rose"—  
Around her, sinking at his side,  
His rugged arms he widely throws.

Loud scream'd the wretch, "O God! my boy!"  
That woe-worn heart's sad beat is o'er;  
So long unfelt the touch of joy,  
It flutter'd, heav'd and burst—no more.

### TO THE PRINTER.

PERMIT a giddy trifling Girl,  
For once to fill your Poet's corner;  
She cares not how the critics snarl,  
Or beaux and macaronies scorn her.  
She longs in print her lines to see;  
Oblige her, (sure you can't refuse it)  
And if you find her out—your ~~fee~~  
Shall be—TO KISS HER—if you choose it.

### THE POST.

A KISS in vain your lips impress,  
Which ne'er arrives at its address,  
A kiss, that's sent us by the post  
Ere it can reach the mouth is lost.  
No thanks are due for such a boon,  
Which leaves one colder than a stone;  
Kisses are tasteless fruits we know,  
Unless they're gather'd where they grow.

### THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moon-beam slept,  
And chilly was the midnight gloom;  
When by the damp grove *Ellen* wept,  
Sweet maid! it was her lover's tomb.  
A warm tear gush'd—the wintry air  
Congeal'd it, as it flow'd away;  
All night it lay an ice drop there,  
At morn, it glitter'd in the ray.  
An angel, wandering from the sphere,  
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,  
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,  
And hung it on her diadem.

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